

Everything will be alright by HoshisamaValmor

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Summary: Eleven dreamed of the beach often.

Everything will be alright

Eleven dreamed of the beach often.

She would be sitting on the sand, feeling the breeze carried from the ocean against her face and playing with her hair, making it tickle her nose. She just sat looking at the sea she had never seen, sand on her skin, the salty scent of the air, the soft constant rumbling of the waves; all the things her mind had kept from Billy's.

She didn't mind dreaming with it. It was a nice change from nightmares of monsters, rainbow doors and cold cells.

Some nights, she strolled along the seashore of the empty beach she had never been to, the cold water nibbling at her feet and ankles as she headed towards blue sunny skies instead of clouds of bad memories. Other nights, she would turn her gaze from the sea to the boy and his mother as they enjoyed their happiness, smiling at them even if they often didn't see her.

One night, she saw Hopper stroll down to the water, hissing sharply at how cold it was despite her previous warnings and making her laugh as a result. When he caught her smile, he chuckled, making a face that was a poor attempt at an offended scoff, and he cupped his hand under the water, throwing and splattering chilling water everywhere and making El gasp and laugh loudly.

That feeling carried on even when she woke up, disappearing slowly as she hugged her pillow close. It felt as if she could almost pretend the fabric had also caught the droplets of sea water, but the drops of her tears were too warm to fool her. The bedroom was too dark. The sun was barely peeking through the blinders, but it had begun to cross lines on the air and there was no sunny blue sky beyond them.

Joyce seemed to know, somehow. The smile on her face was sad but kind when El entered the kitchen. She still asked about it, like she was giving El the encouragement if she needed it, like she was giving her the choice to talk about it if she wanted to. When she got the answer she already knew, Joyce pulled her close in a hug, kissing the top of her head and tucking her into her chest. She didn't mind the

small smudges El's tears left on her shoulder, and instead she repeated the words the girl was starting to find familiar.

"Crying is good, El. It helps with the pain."

Hopper had once told her that, too. Just the once, before she even knew about his daughter Sara. She only made that connection when Joyce told her the same words the first of many times. She hadn't really believed him then, and she still wasn't sure now. But she tried. She tried again now on Joyce arms, and she tried harder when Joyce cupped her wet cheeks in her hands and smiled, a single tear gathered on the corner of her own eyes.

El cried a lot, but it still hurt.

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the end

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Author's Note: Thanks for reading. Disclaimer at the end but I obviously don't own Stranger Things.